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Third Appearance
of Wesley's Ghost.
1849

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THE
THIRD APPEARANCE
OF
WESLEY'S GHOST.
BY SCRUTATOR.



"Suddenly the Latch of my door was touched—it was slowly raised—I started—a strange form softly glided into my room."—See page 8.

" Fresh graces to my mind are given,
For I have dwelt awhile in heaven ;
But now return'd to lower earth,
To show the Church's spiritual dearth,
Caused by ambitious men :
A warning voice I bring from thence,
To urge the Church to penitence."

LONDON :
GRATTAN, AMEN CORNER. BIRMINGHAM: GUEST.
MANCHESTER: A. HEYWOOD, OLDHAM STREET.
AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

1849.

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THE THIRD APPEARANCE OF WESLEY'S GHOST.

IN the month of August, I was a diligent attendant and observer at the Conference. From some of the devotional services I reaped a degree of spiritual profit, though it required much mental discipline to waive certain matters which were being agitated in the business meetings of the Conference. On those occasions, I was very much pained to witness the dreadful spirit of carnal policy and inquisitorial despotism by which those holding the executive were especially then characterized, and I could not but foresee, that if such a system of tyranny were perpetuated by the timid silence and apathetic submission of my brethren in the ministry, the annals of the Wesleyan Connexion would soon furnish indubitable evidence of a rapid decline, not merely in a numerical and pecuniary sense, which is the all in all with the powers that be, but in the conversion of deathless souls to God, and the exhibition of vital godliness. During those meetings so impregnated with arbitrary procedure, the expressive words of the Great Teacher frequently haunted my mind, powerfully declaring that the spirit of humility and love so greatly manifested in former Conferences, was now almost extinct: "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles, (or Heathen) exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister: and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant. Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. (Matt. xx. 25-28.) From these beautiful words I plainly perceived that those men, whose despotism is at the present time the grief of the pious, and, alas! the sport of the infidel and the wicked, had not attained the zenith of their popularity by practically regarding this inculcation of the great Exemplar of his church. Nay, when I witnessed their manifestations, I saw they were acting "by constraint," for "filthy lucre," and worldly aggrandizement, and had fully made up their minds to be "lords

over God's heritage." (See 1 Pet. v. 2, 3.) And when, during the Conference, the Inquisition was introduced, for the purpose of extorting confession to men breathing the spirit of the Papal beast, and when by their fiat, I saw men tortured, and three excellent men, because none of their popish thumb-screws, wheels, and other tortures, could induce them to confession; when I saw these three men of God deprived of their rights and excluded from the body, my spirit was moved within me, and as I returned to my Lodgings, I audibly exclaimed, "These men breathe the spirit of the ancient tyrants and popes, while their deeds may be placed in the same category of tyranny with those of METTERNICH, LOUIS PHILLIPPE, WINDISCHGRATZ, JELLACHICH, HAYNAU, and the three Cardinals of the Pope just now delegated to re-establish his power in Rome, one of whom has declared in reference to the sons of liberty, "If the prisons are not large enough, then the graves will contain them." "Ah!" I continued, "I have seen during the Conference a similar spirit characterizing men who, on account of their lofty elevation, ought to be adorned by all the graces of the Spirit, and to be recognized by their brethren in the ministry as resplendent examples, worthy of their imitation. But instead of that, I have seen in them that which was repulsive and hateful in the extreme. That over-bearing and dictatorial conduct instinctively causes me to compare the principal man in the Wesleyan society, and the meaner bodies selfishly moving round his orbit, to the POPE and his Cardinals. I cannot but regard them as fallen men, and that, if permitted, they would, under the intoxicating influence of official power, vie with the man of sin himself, and his cardinals, in measures of administrative infamy and despotism."

Entering my Lodgings with these sensations, I ejaculated, "Lamb of God, calm my perturbed bosom, and though men may act treacherously in the concerns of thy kingdom, lead my heart, and the hearts of all thy true people, to rejoice in the Headship of Christ, who will never allow his cause to be ruined by selfish men, but who will, I feel inspired to believe, by a concatenation of Providential events, remove or subjugate those imperious spirits as stumbling-blocks to the promotion of his cause. Lead my mind, O God, to confide in thy wisdom, and power, and love, for the triumphant management of all the affairs of thy church militant, and give me to feel assured that the wrath of man shall praise thee, and the remainder of that wrath thou wilt restrain!" Having eaten a little supper, I opened the Bible, and read some of those portions descriptive of the zealous and disinterested labours of the apostles, and when I contrasted them with the performances of ministers in modern times, I could not refrain from weeping, the contrast appeared so great. They laboured not for worldly emolument—they sighed not for human applause—they sought not the couch of ease and sensual indulgence; all these things they despised, and boldly went forth to sow the seeds of divine truth, braving derision, persecution, dungeons, and death. I at

once saw that the want of such piety, zeal, despite of worldly wealth and honour, is the very cause of that spiritual dearth so apparent in the Wesleyan body, and also in other sections of the Christian church; and as I continued to meditate, my mind was compelled to concede the fact that religion at the present day has become systematized, secularized, and warped from its original simplicity. Infidels have frequently told me to my face that religion is "made a trade of," and that were it not for *money, power, and honour*, many of its most popular advocates would altogether abandon it; and I do fear that, to some extent, this is true! Painful thought! that the most effectual enemies of the cross of Christ are those who *profess* to be members of Christ's mystical body, and also those who are regarded as Heralds of salvation.

Priestcraft, said I, has in every age been visible in the church of God. It has been like Achan in the camp—like a leper in the house—like a Judas among the true disciples—and as a demon transforming itself into an angel of light, entering the church, pushing forward and never resting till it has subjugated all opposers, and occupied the throne of rule! O what evil has priestcraft done! it has deceived the unwary—it has corrupted the pious—it has perverted the word of truth—it has changed the ordinances of heaven, and it has ruined thousands of immortal souls! It has spread its terrors throughout the globe—it has usurped thrones, and subdued and chained kings, emperors, and princes as slaves. It has invented racks and tortures, erected gibbets, and scaffolds, and stakes—it has forged chains and manacles, and kindled fires, and thousands upon thousands of victims have suffered, agonized, and died—all through the infernal despotism of priestcraft! Yes! in all ages of the world, more human blood has been shed by the enthusiastic and fanatical advocates of a spurious and nominal Christianity than by the civil sword itself!! 'O that my voice, could reach the poles; and that I could enunciate as loud as the thunders of heaven, I would exclaim, "Beware of priestcraft! that fell and cruel fiend! who, disregarding the simplicity of eternal truth, is at the present time in the church of Rome, in the church of England, and in the Wesleyan Society, labouring incessantly to bind and subjugate the free-born mind!" *

My mind again reverted to the gradual degeneracy of the Wesleyan body since the time of its great Founder, and especially the domination of its leading men, who, with a strong hand are de-

* The above strong language is not to be understood generally. There are still some humble, devoted, and disinterested ministers of the gospel, whose praise is in all the churches. But that there is a measure of priestcraft existing in the Wesleyan body, no man can conscientiously deny. If unchecked, it will increase, and the people will have no voice, nothing to do but to lay down their money at the Mammon-shrine of religious tyrants. "I think just as you do about your religious body. They are liberal, and disposed to help on every good cause. But a few rich men and leading ministers (O how the latter relish and love the former) would turn your whole influence in a *wrong direction* if they could. Happily they cannot succeed, and every year, I believe, your body, and the Conference itself, will become more liberal; and I hope, before long, there will be no doubt as to the course they will take on public questions."—JOHN BRIGHT, Esq., M. P.

terminated, at all hazards, to hold the reins of government. The power of *one* man, or a *clique* of men, united for certain selfish purposes, over a *large body* of men, is really surprising. It astounds an intelligent mind to think how *thousands* are hoodwinked, influenced, bowed down, rendered submissive, and servilely directed by a *few*, whose professed character is that of godliness, while their covert character is a restless desire after self-aggrandizement and worldly emolument. This was especially visible during the late Conference, when my three brethren were expelled from the Society. They might almost have adopted the language of Paul, "At my first answer, no man stood by me;" or the language of the Redeemer, referring to his being deserted by the disciples, "They all forsook him and fled." Only two or three preachers (the rest being solely under the influence of the clique) had the moral courage to vote against the extremest measures of tyrannical persecution adopted by that body—they only like Abdiel were

"Faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only they."

And even when these three men essayed to defend themselves, such was the clamour—the hisses—the deafening shouts of five hundred ministers of the gospel of peace, that they found it impossible, and were compelled to give up the attempt. For confusion, noise, and other uproarious conduct, the Conference on those occasions has never been surpassed by the most noisy Chartist meetings.*

Then I thought of the injurious effects of such tyrannical oppression, upon society at large. How the enemy will triumph—the infidel laugh—and the profane exclaim, "Aha, so would we have it! This is the end of their apparent zeal and professed disinterestedness. They have long been eulogized for talent, and truly has that talent been consecrated to selfish purposes. In acts of oppressive rule, it certainly has shone brilliantly. This is the end of their solemn looks—their vociferous prayers—their oratorical sermons, and their sacramental vows: these men are all knaves in heart, and their form of godliness is only a cloak for their deceit and rapacity; you will meet with more consistent conduct in a

* Pretty *conferring*, forsooth. To hoot, and clap, and shout, as if in a scene of revelry. No man, having right feelings towards another, or respecting the good opinions of the church, or regarding his own character as a *gentleman*, can for one moment entertain such unchristian and ungentlemanly procedure. Think and let think, speak and let speak, are the birthrights of every Briton, and the privileges of every man; and a body of men has no right, when a man wishes conscientiously to disclose his sentiments on a question vitally affecting his interests, by clamour and interruption to forbid him. Hence a scoffer has already said, "There were nearly 500 men on that occasion who proclaimed themselves as the suppressors of men's dearest liberties and rights. I see them sitting there as tyrants in degree. What a picture! Look at it, ye methodists! See there a conclave of ungrateful oppressors! Do you not feed them, and clothe them, and comfort them, and will you stand all this? Yes! you will stand it all, if you possess not the dignity and independence of a free-born mind. For my part, I shall, after such an exhibition, whenever I meet a Methodist Minister, say to myself, "There goes an enemy to all free liberty of speech!"

heathen who knows not Christianity, or in an infidel who abhors it, than in those most zealous friends." O such horrid speeches are enough to break the heart of a sincere Christian. And well may he say, "For these things I weep; mine eye, mine eye runneth down with water, because the comforter that should relieve my soul is far from me; my children are desolate, because the enemy prevailed. O virgin, daughter of zion thy breach is great like the sea; who can heal thee?" Alas! it is mournful to think what malignant passions were cherished, and what abusive language was applied to those whom they ought to have loved as brethren. To such disgraceful scenes the infidel points, as unanswerable arguments against the spirit of Christianity; he talks of the mildness, and forbearance, and candour of philosophy, and says that the temper formed by the gospel is censorious and malignant, and that it is owing entirely to the restraints of law, that rival sects and parties do not now attempt the extermination of each other by persecution and murder. Such awful reflections caused me to ejaculate "Lord, uphold thou me in my goings, and grant that I may never by worldly conformity, despotic rule, or any other carnal practice, cause the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme."

I next thought, if the effects of such proceedings upon human minds are so awful, how will they be regarded in *heaven*? Will He who searches the heart, and tries the reins of the children of men—will He approve? Will angels rejoice? Will the spirits of just men made perfect be glad? It cannot be; for what concord hath Christ with Belial? what fellowship hath light with darkness? I felt assured, as I reflected, that the God of peace would condemn conduct so unjust, and that the perpetrators of such deeds were incurring a high degree of awful responsibility, the issue of which was dreadful for my mind to contemplate. As I thus mused on the estimate that Heaven would probably form of such proceedings, my mind suddenly reverted to the last supernatural appearance of Wesley—to the statements which he then made respecting the declensions of the church—its formality—its hypocrisy—its pride, and love of power—to the warnings which he gave, and the threatenings which he enunciated. Ah! thought I, what would be his statements now—what would that sainted spirit say, were he to appear, respecting those oppressions which have been done by the Wesleyan Conference, and which are meeting with the disapprobation of all men possessing intelligent and unbiassed minds. "O that he would appear again," I audibly exclaimed, "as a token of Heaven's disapprobation, and as an indication of the wicked departure of his professed successors from the simplicity of Methodism, as established by himself. Thou sainted spirit, descend! come, appear before me! that I, who am trembling for the ark of my God, may hear Heaven's messages and warnings to an apostate church! O thou sainted spirit, appear! appear!!"

I was silent. A tremor came over my whole frame as I sat in

gloomy solitude. I drew closer to the table, on which a dim lamp was burning. The fire was nearly extinct. The wind moaned mournfully. Intimidation came over my spirit—I almost repented of my invocation. Suddenly the latch of my door was touched. I started—surely I was mistaken, or it could be but the wind!—No! it was slowly raised, and a strange figure softly glided into the room. It resembled an old man, clothed in the grave's habiliments, ghostly and death-like, with features strongly resembling the best engraved portraits of Wesley. At the appearance of this object, the most terrible sensations came over me; my blood felt as if freezing in my veins, the hair of my head stood up, and a feeling of smothering compelled me to gasp for breath. The spirit stood before me with his eyes rivetted upon me, while I sat fixed and unable to move.

The Spectre then said, "I AM WESLEY! By the delegation of heaven I am come to earth to denounce and warn a guilty section of Christ's universal church. Think not that the acts of living men are hidden from the spirits of the dead, or that they are unrecorded in heaven. All the injustice, oppression, and hypocrisy prevalent in the Methodist Connexion have come under my observation. Long have I watched your proceedings so antisciptural and unholy, and, had it been possible, would have wept for your backslidings. I am now come as a delegate from the skies to tell you of your present degeneracy, and if you repent not, of what shall be your fate in later days. Your inconsistencies—your love of mammon—your grasp of power—your zeal for outward show and pomp, and in consequence, your wilful and cruel neglect of the salvation of multitudes of souls—your strengthening of the cavils of the infidel—your hardening of the hearts of the scornful and wicked—all this! is known in heaven, all is recorded there in the book of remembrance to become a swift witness against you. An awful degree of culpability attaches to you—fearful is your responsibility, and without speedy repentance, infinitely dreadful will be your doom. Remember, that for all usurpers of the Redeemer's authority—for all lords over God's heritage, and for all murderers of immortal souls, the most bitter cup will be mingled, and the fiercest flames will burn!—But I now raise the warning voice to the officials of the Wesleyan body and all their sycophants, that they in time may be zealous and repent, and do their first works by a speedy return to the humility and simplicity of the gospel. See then that ye refuse not him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not you escape, if you now turn away from him that speaketh from heaven!"

The Spectre then fixed his eyes more intensely on me, and said, "Son of man, what I utter do thou faithfully declare unto thy people. Be not afraid of them, neither be afraid of their words, though briers and thorns be with thee, and thou dost dwell among scorpions; be not afraid of their words, nor be dismayed at their looks; for they are impudent children and stiff-hearted. I do send thee unto them, and thou shalt speak my words unto them, whether they shall hear or whether they shall forbear; therefore, go forth like a man: "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show the people their transgression, and the priesthood their sins!"

The Ghost proceeded: "The present state of your Connexion is

alarming. Where now are the zeal, energy, and indefatigable labours which once were so apparent in the success of your cause? Where that sterling piety, contempt of the world, and humbleness of mind, by which ministers of former times were distinguished? Where is their faithful, fervent, and successful preaching? Do crowds of inquirers after salvation now flock around your gates, and do bands of converts, as then, enrol their names in your books? Alas! no! The Annals of the Society too frequently exhibit the reverse, though vain minds endeavour to swell the number of your members in the estimation of the world. But notwithstanding these tricks of meanness, year after year, you have to look on and see the vast edifice, reared by the piety and zeal of your ancestors, now gradually crumbling away, through the carnal policy and intrigue of some of your priesthood. As this seems to be a crisis in your history, when you must either rise to a loftier elevation among the religious and philanthropic institutions of the world, or, in course of time, sink into insignificance, and be lost among rival sects, to be found only on the historic page, attend, I beseech you as a delegate from heaven, to my declarations. I tell you faithfully, that the majority of your ministers are not men of the right stamp, and that they inoculate the rich, and the flatterer, and the place-seeker, and the proud among you, with the same spirit of carnal policy which is now corrupting and marring the glory of Methodism. It is evident to every observant mind that their hearts go after earthly vanities; that wealth, ease, applause, splendid temples, splendid dwelling places, and frequent access to the houses and tables of the rich, are always most grateful to their minds. Can you therefore expect these men to give ear to any petition for the reform of abuses, or the redress of grievances? They invariably dwell near and manage the coffers of the society, and firmly will they resist any attempt at investigation. This you must have perceived during the few last Conferences. They truly understand one another, and the pecuniary matters of the Society, and have always in the most barefaced manner located themselves in approximation to one another, that they might work the machinery of the Connexion to their hearts' content. The fact is, and let it be impressed on the mind of every member of the Methodist body, your preachers have *too much power*, and you have *too little*. At the present time, they are your masters, you are their slaves. You give them your exertions, your prayers, your money, and you have not the least control over them. Whereas, they ought to be your servants for Jesus' sake; but they have lost sight of this altogether. During my sojourn in heaven, the disapprobation of the Eternal has been witnessed in reference to things which ought not to be in the church, and I am commanded to tell you to cast out from among you all that and all those who exalt themselves against the knowledge of The Most High. Your preachers must be shorn of a portion of their power—they must know their place, which is to serve the people with a willing mind, constrained by the love of the Redeemer, who assumed the form of a servant, and condescended to wash the feet of his disciples. Did your preachers exhibit any thing like his spirit during the late Conference? The very reverse. Their hearts were impregnated with evil passions, with cruelty and tyranny, against men who conscientiously called for reform, and who were unjustly expelled. Your conduct to them was abhorred by heaven, and applauded by demons. Nothing but a return to the simplicity observable in the proceedings of the primitive churches, and the Apostles of Christ, can ever be the salvation of the

Methodist body. A decree—a decree (the Ghost repeated) has passed the Court of heaven, that the cause of God will not, shall not, truly prosper, till oppressive priestcraft shall become annihilated. The people, yes the people themselves' foster in the breasts of their ministers such undue priestly influence, by being too submissive, too flattering, and too excitable by the fawning, insinuating, declamatory and impassioned sermons and addresses of their preachers. Yes, you have esteemed them as gods, and fallen down at their shrines, and worshipped them. Despising inferior instruments, owned by God for their sincerity and usefulness, you have travelled miles, and rushed in thousands, to see what? a reed shaken with the wind of human applause, and to hear, alas! too often, *excellency of speech*, and the *enticing words of man's wisdom*, uttered by those whose spirits have been kindred to those of the ancient inquisitors. Verily, you have been guilty of idolatry; and remember, that while you patronize and support such men, you do but perpetuate your slavery, rivetting your chains the faster. It is now high time to awake out of sleep, and to cease from men whose breath is in their nostrils, and to give the honour to God only. "Ye worship ye know not what," frequently honoring the creature more than the Creator. But remember that which is sometimes highly esteemed among men, is an abomination in the sight of God. The most brilliant stars will fall from their orbits. Couldst thou, O man, inspect the records of heaven—if the light of eternity were to flash across thy mind, how different would be thy estimate of those whom the Methodists have esteemed as gods.

The Spectre now approached me, and beckoning with his hand, said, "Follow thou me, and all thy preconceived opinions of men shall vanish!" By what power impelled I know not, but the command was irresistible, and in spite of the horrors of the moment, I rose and followed the ghost. We appeared to take our flight towards the stars, so rapidly, that I became unconscious till I found myself, with the spirit, standing in a large temple adorned with beauty and splendour! At one end was an elevated platform, over which I perceived an inscription in letters apparently of burnished gold, "THE JUDGMENT SEAT." Beside it stood an angel of light, whose glory, as the Spirit led me forwards, dazzled my vision. As we approached, the Angel ascended the platform, and taking up a Book, on which was inscribed "*Remembrance*," he gave it to Wesley. He opened it, turned to me, and presenting it to me, said, "Read and mark well!" I saw recorded on its pages the *names* of the Wesleyan *men of power*. They appeared lucid and brilliant, as if written in letters of light. As I gazed at them, I exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, I am deceived. My judgment was too harsh. They *are* accepted in the Beloved!" The words, however, had no sooner escaped my lips, than an awfully vivid streak of lightning blazed through the whole temple, while a voice louder than thunder declared, "Many are called, but few are chosen." "The first shall be last, and the last shall be first." "I testify that if any man shall add to or take from the oracles of truth, God shall take away his part out of the book of life." I looked again at those names on the book;—alas! their brilliance had faded, it became dimmer and dimmer, and then vanished altogether. The Spectre then turned to me, and said, "Behold the sign! So shall it come to pass, if timely repentance prevent not!"

Immediately I heard the sound of a great trumpet, and a voice saying, "*Bring forth to judgment!*" Directing my eyes to the plat-

form, great was my surprise to behold seated upon it a most glorious Personage, whom I was instinctively compelled to regard as Judge, His apparel was white as snow, glory and majesty were in his countenance, and in his right hand the sceptre of righteousness. The ministering angel whose superior intelligence enabled him to understand a look from the Judge, directed his flight in conformity to his wishes, and soon returned, conducting to the bar one of the proudest souls of earth. He led him to the platform, and delivered to the Judge a scroll traced in characters of fire. It was immediately unrolled, and from it I learnt that this arrogant criminal had, with the cunning of a serpent, and the claws of a lion, deprived his brethren of the sacred rights of liberty. In fact, he had been a tyrant in all his movements on earth. His motives to his actions were extremely selfish, and his character was the very *counterpart* of that mentioned in 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.—“And JABEZ was more honourable than his brethren, and his mother called his name JABEZ, saying, Because I bare him with sorrow,” &c. When by his manœuvring he had obtained entire dominion over the slaves whom he had loaded with chains, he gave a loose to his natural depravity, and then insulted their silent submission to his tyranny by his most bitter raillery. Whenever he sat on the throne of his dominion, numerous fawning parasites surrounded him as a clique, to perpetrate the purposes of his heart. Nay, such was his power, that five or six hundred of his minions have lifted up their voices in support of his misrule, while the thousands of subjects composing his kingdom, have licked the dust of his feet. Affecting to consider himself their god, he hardly suffered them to enjoy the privileges of being men. But at last the worm began to feast upon the corpse of this self-created divinity, and at length he stood before the judgment-seat. The judge inquired, “Spirit, who art thou?” The tyrant rose, saying, “If you are one of the gods of heaven, learn that I am one of the gods of the earth, and that one god does not pay obedience to another.” The Judge turned to a ministering spirit stationed on the left of the platform, and said, “Judge this soul.” The Spirit approached him and said, Follow me! but having rather recovered from the terrors of judgment, the tyrant moved not. The seraph lightly turning round, suffered his breath to reach the sinner, who then followed as chaff flies before the wind, or as the waves, when agitated by a storm, throw up a white froth. As a last resource, the criminal endeavoured to laugh as in derision, but it soon became a mere convulsive movement, for suddenly the condemned tyrant became more heavy; and, bending under his own weight, he sank down to rise no more. As I gazed with astonishment, the Judge, the angels, and the platform vanished. Vivid lightnings flashed, and awful thunders rolled, and the temple was filled with darkness, while a voice seemed to say, “Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground!” The terrors of the scene rendered me insensible. When consciousness returned, I found myself with the Spectre in my former apartment.

The Ghost then resumed his address: “Considering what I have stated, is it surprising that Methodism does not prosper as in former times? Your members give liberally, the connexion is rich, you build chapels, your congregations are numerous still, daily fervent prayers are offered up for the prosperity of the cause, your class-

eaders and prayer-leaders attend regularly to their duties ; and your Sunday School Teachers and Tract Distributors assiduously exert themselves. You have twenty thousand Local Preachers who are spending and being spent in the cause of truth, and more than a thousand stationed ministers, possessed of talents for usefulness, and yet with all this instrumentality, the cause advances not, and disunion is in your camp. What is the cause but the repulsive discipline of your body ? The progress of the age is towards liberty. But you would thwart that progress with the most absolute and irresponsible ecclesiastical despotism that ever existed ! Like the Popish priesthood, your preachers are supreme and omnipresent—they have a voice in every member's house, an eye in every member's breast, and a hand in every member's pocket. A man can scarcely change the place of his abode without a ticket of removal ; he must not write a letter on the business of the Connexion, without pain of expulsion ; he must not marry but as they like, he must think by their standard, and speak according to their Shibboleth. He must take his ticket, pay for it, and go the way to heaven he is told, asking no questions, or be excommunicated and stigmatized as a backslider. The pretended privileges of the class-leaders, &c., are a mockery and delusion. They must bow to priestly domination, or quit your connexion. Liberty, alas ! is not to be found within your borders. Now remember, (said the Ghost with great vehemence) that while this despotism is tolerated by the quiescence of the people, progression will be impossible. Vain will be your revival-meetings, your excitement, vociferous prayers, protracted meetings, or liberal contributions—all will be vain and fruitless, till you cast out from among you the old leaven of priestly domination, which has already driven numbers of liberal, hopeful, and enlightened persons from your society." *

After a slight pause, the Spirit of Wesley said, "The political principles of the Wesleyan body, professing to understand the liberty of the gospel, and the rights of man, are a disgrace to the age in which you live, and will subsequently prove your bane. Your principal men are the avowed supporters of corrupt governments, and would perpetuate class-legislation and unjust laws by which their fellow-creatures are deprived of their rights ; and as the working-classes groan under, and justly cry out against, such disabilities and abuses, can you expect them to become allied to your society ? As the intelligence of the working population increases, their connection with you also decreases. Seldom are you on the side of the oppressed, but frequently crouch down and do homage to the rich. You may well be so unpopular with the poor, to whom, like your Master, you ought to consider it an honour to preach the gospel.

* During the Conference, the President said.—"He that is disloyal to Methodism,"—and this, be it observed, means neither more nor less than questioning the acts of the executive of Methodism—"sins against God." There never was a proposition more monstrous. Pius IX., on the 24th of July, said, "God hath raised his arm, and hath commanded the tempestuous ocean of anarchy and impiety to stop. He hath guided the Catholic armies to support the rights of humanity, which had been trampled upon—of faith, which had been attacked, and of the holy see, and our sovereignty." He was consistent. The President of the Wesleyan Conference outrages the principles by which, as Methodists, we profess to be guided, and teaches practical popery. Observant men have noticed a gradual approximation to that which has been the bane of every Christian church, and from which we are not exempt.—*Wesleyan Times*, Aug. 1, 1849.

State patronage and support, long the precious gems of your ambition, now characterize you. You are ever aping the customs and forms of an established church, that mighty incubus which presses down and smothers every thing good and lovely. O ye wicked men, (loudly exclaimed the Ghost) to hanker after such a church! Many of her ministers are fox-hunters, licensed pursuers of game, oppressors, and wicked voluptuaries. Her livings are put up by public auction, and sold to the highest bidder. Her bishops blush not to consecrate the standard of the warrior, and urge him on to scenes of blood and carnage. You support such a church, while the voice of millions showers upon her the most terrible curses and imprecations, because of her boundless exactions. Her avarice drags the conscientious to dungeons, and consigns helpless innocence to hopeless sorrow. The reigning political faction dictates her devotions. Her thanksgivings and prayers are regulated by Acts of Parliament. The abominations of this church have been a stumbling-block to thousands, and a rock on which Infidelity has built her strongest towers, and, prodigious inconsistency, this is the church with which you would have an alliance! Element cleaves to its kindred element! Again, what little sympathy you have exhibited towards the Dissenting portions of the religious community. How seldom the interchange of brotherly labours and offices of love. You are jealous of them, and seldom admit them within your borders, except to be the *lever* for raising a Collection. O you are a degenerate race, and have awfully abandoned the spirit of universal love and brotherhood, by which, through grace, my life on earth was distinguished.

From some of the great efforts of the day, you have stood aloof. The temperance movement, especially, whose sublime and gigantic object is to rid the world of its greatest curse, which scathes it more than pestilence or famine. Judging from your pretensions to zeal and love for man, you should have been the most prompt to raise the Temperance banner. But self-indulgence has kept you aloof, and in some cases you have connived at Intemperance.* It will never be forgotten that your Missionary ship, a short time ago, while it was conveying to the Heathen the balm of salvation, it was conveying also at the same time, that *poisonous neutralizer* of all moral and spiritual good — *Alcohol*.†

* During the late conference, the Rev. John Stamp was excluded from the connexion, for immoral conduct and dishonesty; and the reader will readily perceive the partiality and tyranny of the Conference, in so long winking at the above gentleman's conduct, and in excluding three excellent men on the mere ground of suspicion. The above gentleman, as stated by the President, has been habitually intemperate, a great lover of ardent spirits, a frequenter of taverns, and was very much given to jocularities, especially in the use he made of Scripture language. Through his defalcations, the *Children's Fund* has suffered to a large extent, nearly £2,000. This case goes far to establish the truth of at least some of the allegations of the "Fly Sheets," especially when taken in connexion with another revelation which was made to the public about the same time Mr. Stamp's defalcations became known. Both of these were men in whom confidence was to be declared! Are there any more of a similar description? Mr. Stamp's position was known last conference, and yet it was hushed up!

† Quantity of Drunkard's drink taken out by the *John Wesley*, Missionary Ship:—1 Cask of Brandy, 36 gallons, 1 Cask of Rum, 36 gallons, 1 Case with 3 dozen bottles of Gin, 54 Cases of Wine, 2 dozen in each, 10 Casks of Wine, 10 to 18 gallons in each, 47 Cases of bottled Ale and Porter. This account accords with the Custom-house officers' books in the docks. This was a pretty good supply for 34 persons, the whole number on board, and would certainly afford them a series of good jollifications. Mr. Irving, at the Conference, made a lame attempt

"In every age of the world," said the Ghost, "the cause of truth and righteousness has not wanted advocates, and recently three men of God have had the moral heroism to denounce and expose your wicked extravagance and hypocrisy. You have cast out their names as evil, and with tyrannic cruelty, expelled them from your body. Though their shoes' latchet you were not worthy to unloose—though in point of talent* and piety, you were far beneath them, and though they had the highest esteem in every part of the Connexion, yet you have cast them (like the three Hebrew children) into the burning fiery furnace of the clique's indignation, because they would not fall

at explanation, in which he admits the above in part, and that 1 hogshead of rum was sold at Auckland! What, do religious bodies purchase missionary ships, and send them out to *traffick* in rum? Does that accord with their professions of purity and love? Do not missionary records testify that many of our most flourishing stations have been blasted by the fire-water? Yes! this has been stated again and again on missionary platforms, while even enlightened Heathens have earnestly uttered their cry, For Heaven's sake, do not send us that murderer of body and soul, *Fire-water*!

The Election of President was arranged over a Tavern dinner, and such election was spoken of as "the will of God." Observe the following letter to the *Wesleyan Times*.—SIRS,—It is true that a dinner was held at the Albion Hotel to promote the election of the Rev. T. Jackson to the Presidential Chair of the Conference. A leader of one of the Manchester circuits, not willing to believe the report, went to the hotel and inquired. In answer to his inquiries, it was said to be so; and it was added, "plenty of wine they drank too!" This will, perhaps, corroborate another report that is afloat in this town—that the Rev. G. Osborn said in Conference, when defending one of the missionary secretaries from the attacks made upon him, that as for himself he should travel in first-class carriages whenever he pleased, eat and drink what he chose, and go to hotels rather than private houses of friends when it suited him, whatever clamour any persons might please to raise in consequence. I should like to ask that gentleman, who is to pay for his luxurious travelling, diet, and lodging? The public, or himself? The poor who subscribe to the collections made on occasion of a stranger visiting them, or his own private purse? If Methodist preachers are thus prepared to defy public opinion, they will find that persons will examine a little more minutely their charges.—A LOVER OF NECESSARY ECONOMY.

Another person writes:—SIRS, I am no teetotaler, and never was; but I honor the men who are, both for their zeal and their usefulness; and I say that the avoial of wine drinking at a missionary meeting, out of a missionary collection, with a justification of such a practice, is a disgrace to a Methodist minister, and is an offence, to say the least of it, against the conscientious scruples of a mass of the contributors to such funds, which should have ensured to the man who uttered such a sentiment a storm of hisses, instead of the "cheers" which the *Watchman* states the speech received.

* The Methodist ministers in general, possess only inferior talents, the common people generally mistaking declamation and impassioned speaking for talent. And some of their greatest men are but mere parrots after the *memoriter* system. For instance, the universally admired Dr. Newton. He possesses few sermons, and those he has vended almost in every chapel in the land—and in some of them he has preached three times from the same text. A person present at the Conference writes:—"I should have been better pleased this morning with the Conference sermon by Dr. Newton if it had been something new. Twenty-five years ago, I believe, he was President of the Conference, and chose the same text, and preached *precisely the same sermon, word for word*. I happen to have it in print in my possession. It will be found in "The Pulpit," vol. 4. I had read it a few days since, and was mortified on finding the same sermon, from Gal. vi. 14, this morning in" THE WESLEYAN TIMES."

The writer of this Note has followed the good Doctor to many places, and he has always found him "*glorying*." Several others have assured me they have heard the same sermon *word for word* so often, that they have ceased to hear him when he visits their locality. O good doctor, do find some new sermons. When you read this, instantly commit the above-mentioned *diamond-enduring* sermon to the flames. You have a diploma, sir, a D. D. attached to your name, and it is not much to your credit to be represented as "doing a great deal of work with a few tools."

down and worship the *mere image* of religion which they have set up. Abuses and corruptions have silently and gradually crept into your body, while the people have been asleep. These three men said, "Bring them forth to light, that we may destroy them." But you ministers would not listen to them, nor investigate their charges at all! and why? Because men even in priestly habiliments sometimes love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil. By your act of excision, ye deceived ones, you thought to have hushed the clamour for reform, and to have perpetuated your ease and self-indulgence without interruption. But these three moral heroes have struck such a light in your camp which all your efforts cannot put out—**THE PEOPLE ARE AWAKING**, and can you resist their voice? They have submitted too long—you have thrown dust in their eyes too long—but now their enlightened understanding—their newly acquired knowledge of your proceedings—their burning love for God—their tears—their fervent cries to heaven for Zion's prosperity—and the sinking of the Wesleyan society under your corrupt administration—all will induce them to determined effort for speedy and effective reform. The people now see Methodism, originated for *spiritual purposes*, by myself, before I put off the tabernacle of flesh, degraded into a system of the purest *clerical aristocracy*,—they see it putting down the freedom of the press and discussion, and exhibiting Christianity in a light calculated only to disgust every rational mind, and to harden sceptics, if not to make them. O ye devoted men of God, (loudly exclaimed the Spectre,) ye Class-Leaders, ye Local Preachers, ye Sunday School Teachers, ye Members of the Society, can you allow this state of things to continue? Who is on the Lord's side, who? Now is the time to be valiant for the truth, and I call upon you to wipe off the foul blot which intolerant conduct has brought upon the Methodist Connexion.

"Your cruelty," continued the Spectre, "in excluding these three worthy men, is regarded by heaven as unjust, unconstitutional, and unscriptural. As *unjust*, because the brethren expelled were not arraigned on any specific charge, nor convicted of any crime. As *unconstitutional*, because attempts were made to extort statements from them as parties suspected, and not to substantiate by evidence any charge against them as the parties accused,—thus adopting the rule that the innocent must prove his innocence, instead of an accuser proving an offence against the wrong doer. As *unscriptural*, both because the brethren expelled were not brought within the laws laid down in the word of God, and because the parties aggrieved, had not previously observed the law of Christ in the case of offences between brethren, while if such parties had not sufficient ground for private remonstrance, or had not observed the command, the Conference as a body could not have any warrant for their exclusion!—But men, actuated like those who have gained the pre-eminence, listen to no reason—appeal to no scripture. Anxious to maintain their position, and being still ambitious of earthly distinction, wealth, and honour, selfishness gives them decision of character, and therefore humanity, reason, and scripture are sacrificed by them. All opposers must be silenced. All who dissent from them they regard as enemies.* It is awful to

* In Exeter Hall, Mr. EVERETT thus expressed himself in reference to his expulsion: "I ask, who are the parties that proposed the question to me? The question involved an insult to the person to whom it was proposed, and was equally discreditable to the person who proposed it. Who proposed it? The very men who have

smothered all attempts at inquiry into their own transactions. The very persons who have expelled three men merely on suspicion of having given a hint at the necessity of a searching investigation into their various doings. The very men who take care to put bolts, and locks, and bars on every private committee they have, to prevent the keen eye of the Connexion from flashing its withering glance upon it. The very men who first established a sort of police in Methodism, and converted every man into a spy upon his fellow. The very men who have destroyed the spirit and openness of the brotherhood, and reduced the preachers to such a state, that they now serve from fear rather than from love. If the interrogatory system is to go on, those gentlemen ought to know it is a game at which two sides can play. They have had their questions: the people will now propose theirs; and I pledge myself to help the latter to a hundred questions that will convert the persons to whom they are proposed into mutes, so far as a satisfactory answer is concerned. I think I have just cause of complaint against the Conference, for the unjust, tyrannical, and therefore oppressive proceedings of that body. First, I have just cause of complaint against that Conference for condemning me merely on suspicion. I was told that the suspicion was general and strong against me. My answer was, the stronger the suspicion, of course, the stronger the evidence supposed to be obtained. I have just cause of complaint against them, secondly, for apportioning different degrees of punishment to different men, for the same offence—assigning, to my venerable friend, Mr. BURDSALL, only reproof, which breaks no bones, and preserves him in all the rights, privileges, and immunities of the body; while they very delicately hand me over to the axe of the executioner. And I think that, thirdly, I have just cause of complaint against the Conference for constituting contumacy a capital offence. Where is the code, either civil or ecclesiastical, that ever constituted contumacy a capital offence before? The case is without a parallel. What was the object of the Conference in all this? First, to suppress free enquiry. The charges in the "Fly-Sheets" are yet unanswered; they have been smothered by those men to the present moment. Their object is, secondly, to suppress free discussion; hence the difficulty of such men as DR. BEAUMONT, MR. GRIFFITH, and MR. DUNN obtaining a fair hearing. I do not insinuate, in the elegant language of MR. WILLIAM BUNTING, that there is any thing like the cry of mackerel, of old clothes, of doctors' bottles, of old pewter spoons; but I do affirm, that these men have been shouted down in a manner highly discreditable to the ministerial character. A third object of the Conference seems to be to put down the liberty of the press. Hence their anxiety to put down "THE WESLEY BANNER," which was commenced on the ground of self-defence against the slanders which they themselves have patronized. And hence their desire to put down "THE WESLEYAN TIMES," the mouthpiece, not of a party, but of the Wesleyan people. It has been called a bird, but it is a bird of gayest feathers, that will float abroad in all its loveliness, and live, notwithstanding the sharpshooters who have taken out the game license against it, as advertized in the last number of the *Watchman*, to shoot at its star-like plumage. And they may continue to shoot at it during the Conference days of a hundred years, and shoot in vain. I have to tell my friends that "THE WESLEYAN TIMES," like a phoenix, has risen out of the present fire; and that phoenix will flap its wings over the whole Wesleyan body. And "THE WESLEY BANNER" too shall float, with the addition of two sheets to its already interesting pages. Now, I have been charged with being an enemy to Methodism. An enemy to Methodism! An enemy to Methodism I never was—an enemy to Methodism I cannot be. I love the people; my heart turns to them like the sun-flower to the orb of day. I love the system when properly directed. My advice to the people is, leave not your classes. My advice to the officers is, leave not your posts. When ground is to be cultivated, it is not for the people to run away—when disease sets in, it is not for physicians to desert their charge—when an enemy threatens, it is not for the soldiers to turn their backs. When we wish to eradicate, we never think of allowing the sapling to grow to a large tree, till at length it braves the fiercest storm. When disease assails the body, we do not allow it to touch the vitals before we go to a physician. And when an enemy threatens, we never advise the people to sit in a state of listlessness till that enemy has gained the most advantageous position, and laid waste our territories. We say, take these things in good time; begin now, and be in good earnest. An enemy to Methodism! sooner let my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. An enemy to Methodism! after I have given to it forty-three years of the best of my strength, and the best part of my life. An enemy to Methodism! and have saved its Book-room from the ill effects of a pirated edition of Fletcher's works, and from the ill effects of a stereotyped pirated edition of the Hymn-book. An enemy to Methodism! I have defended its founder, its doctrines, its discipline, and its worship, against the "Anti-Jacobin Review," against "The British Critic," against the Rev. Lathan Wainwright, against the Curate of Cawthorne, against Dr. Southey, in "The Correspondent;" in my biographies of Hick, the Village Blacksmith, of the Wallsend Miner, of Daniel Isaac, of

think, that by your cruelty to those *three* brethren, you have done more damage to the interests of true religion than good you will do for years; and even if now you were to become renovated, it would take a very long time to remove the stigma you have cast upon Christianity! Guilty men! you will have much to answer for. O fallen men! you will soon fill up the measure of your iniquities."

[The Reader must be aware that an anonymous publication called the "Fly Sheets," had exposed too faithfully the doings in the high places of Methodism; unable to come at the authors, the mean expedient was resorted to by the priestly brotherhood of getting each minister to sign his name to a Paper denying that he had any share in the authorship; that *degradation* was actually submitted to by all but some forty or fifty, and from amongst these the individuals mentioned were selected to be first put upon the *rack Methodistical* by the conference. It certainly would require moral courage of a high order for a *Methodist* minister to stand firm under such treatment as Messrs. Everett, Dunn, &c. endured, and to abide with cool and Christian dignity the ecclesiastical thunders of the Wesleyan Vatican. Mr. E's words, on that occasion, were worthy of an Englishman and a Christian, "*I will not answer the question I will never submit to an Inquisition!*" The firmness of Mr. Everett and his brethren—the ecclesiastical assurance of Bunting, Hannah, Jackson, &c. not forgetting their *mouthpiece*, the "accuser of the brethren," Osborne, and the other *Cardinals* of the Conference—with the servile and selfish shouts and cries of the numerous subordinates, would form a fine painting for "the good time coming" to gaze upon with wonder, that thousands of *Englishmen* could be found willing to contribute their weekly pence, the r shillings, and their pounds, to uphold such intolerance in the nineteenth century.

The Fly Sheets are censured for their being *Anonymous*, while the censors are themselves guilty of the same crime. Some have sent Letters to the *Watchman*, that one-sided organ of purity, without any signature; some have written pamphlets and attached no name; one in his pamphlet severely castigates anonymous writers, but publishes that pamphlet anonymously himself; and even Dr. Hannah, a short time ago, recommended a Pamphlet signed VATES. Now read the following by Samuel Dunn in Exeter Hall:—"We also complain that we were expelled on some slight suspicion of our being the Authors of the Fly Sheets, when the calumnious "*Papers on Wesleyan Matters*," were passed over altogether, than which a more slanderous, pernicious publication has not appeared for a long time. At this moment I believe, and I have pretty strong evidence for it, which I shall be prepared to adduce very shortly, that the originators, the defenders, the abettors, the writers, and the circulators of these wholesale slanders are the four Missionary Secretaries of the Mission House.]

"But I must depart. My pleasures in yonder celestial temple," said the Spectre, looking and pointing upwards, "must be suspended no longer for the disgraceful scenes of a corrupt church. I have pointed out your errors, and have uttered the warnings of heaven; and now, in conclusion, I call upon *the* people to do their duty. Upon the people depends the salvation of the Wesleyan Connexion. The people are now on their trial. In the sight of heaven, and all observant men, their character will now be determined by their conduct. If they tamely endure these proceedings of the Conference, they will endure any thing. Never again can they receive a greater shock, for never again can an act of greater turpitude be perpetrated. It will be some time indeed before they have another batch of such men

William Dawson, and of the ever-to-be-admired Dr. Adam Clarke, who, together with Daniel Isaac, on some occasions received as little respect from the same party as James Everett has received either of justice or mercy. An enemy to Methodism! and yet the defender of it in my histories of Methodism in Sheffield and Manchester, and their vicinities. An enemy to Methodism! and yet have given the profits of 3,000 copies of "The Village Blacksmith" to the Preachers' Fund—£200 of which was paid into the hands of the treasurer of that fund, a fund from the benefit of which I am to be for ever cut off. (cheers, and cries of shame.) An enemy to Methodism! and yet, within the last three years, in the midst of much pain and affliction, I have travelled between 27,000 and 28,000 miles to enrich its funds with collections, and to bless its people with sermons, according to the best of my ability. No; I am no enemy to Methodism."—WESLEYAN TIMES, Sep. 3, 1849.

to exclude. The people's honour, as a community, is at stake. It is now laid in the dust, and it remains to be seen whether there be among them a spirit sufficient to recover it, and to redress the wrongs of men much honoured, but more injured, men of whom the Conference was not worthy. Let not the people deceive themselves. Quiescence, under such circumstances, is approval. This is a matter in which they are most vitally concerned. Therefore, by all that is righteous and sacred, I call upon them to use every effort to wipe off from the face of their community this most deep and deadly stigma. They have power to do it, and the honour and glory of God require that it be done. True, the barriers reared against them by the system, are strong and high, yet not so strong and high but that principle, guided by wisdom, may burst or overleap them. Destroyed they must be, or the honour of the Methodist people of this generation is irrecoverably gone. Those barriers impede the progress of Divine truth in the world—by them the instrumentality of your various institutions is gradually becoming ineffective. O if you were all characterised by the humility of the gospel, and united in the bonds of holy brotherhood, what a vast amount of good you might accomplish! myriads of converted souls might be the result of your Home and Missionary operations—you might expedite the arrival of millennial glory—by you the solitary places of the earth might be made glad, the wilderness break forth into singing, and the desert blossom as the rose—you might deprive the Evil One of his prey—swell the population of Heaven, and enhance the joy of the New Jerusalem. Are these sublime purposes to be frustrated by proud and arbitrary men? If you, the Methodist people, are faithful to God, it cannot be. You have the power through Divine help, to remedy the abuses, and Heaven now expects you to do your duty. Arise, then, and make a powerful and united demonstration against priestly tyranny, and boldly declare to the Conference, "We will not have these men to reign over us." Avert impending danger by timely interference. Let the many flagrant abuses existing be rectified. Correct the many misappropriations and extravagant expenditure of the public money; and let all other enormities be annihilated. Take away the cause of the scoffs and ridicule from the enemies of Christ, and let none by your inconsistencies, learn to blaspheme. Be valiant for the truth—earnestly contend for it, and God shall bless you." The Ghost here paused. A celestial radiance beamed from his countenance—"around his mouth a sweet smile played"—his attitude became more noble and graceful, and fixing his eyes upon me, he said, "I am now about to return to my celestial mansion, but I depart with the pleasing assurance that the Methodist people will yet do their duty! O yes, the *time has come*, when **A GREAT WORK SHALL BE DONE**, and *God shall bear the glory.*" As he spake, sounds of entrancing music appeared to be floating above, and as the heart-thrilling strains came nearer, again the Spectre said, "I go—but *remember—be faithful—write—publish all!*" Suddenly a burst of music came from the deathless choristers above—overpowered by it, I instantly became unconscious, and when I recovered the Ghost had vanished.

ADDITIONAL REMARKS.

THE CONFERENCE.—A stranger to Wesleyan polity will be surprised to learn that this assembly sits with closed doors, admits no laymen, gives no public or even connexional report of its proceedings (save so much as it is found perfectly convenient to disclose), assumes the most absolute authority over the preachers in the Connexion, and as nearly as possible, unlimited sway in directing the discipline of Methodism, and the whole administrative power of the church. There is one peculiarity in its mode of dealing with offences, which deserves especial notice. One single phrase, undefined in its precise meaning by any written law, and capable of almost unlimited application, enables it to secure within its grasp almost every man who offends against its authority, or renders himself obnoxious to it. It becomes no concern of the Conference to ascertain whether the offence is anti-Christian, irreligious, or against the usage and practice of the primitive church. It is sufficient if it can be pronounced “Un-Methodistic;” and Conference holds the arbitrary authority of defining what is so, according to the caprice or emergencies of the hour. Thus every man is at their mercy, and every foe within their reach. “Un-Methodistical” means, as far as human ingenuity can discover, opposition to the views and designs of the ruling party.

THE PEOPLE HAVE NO VOICE.—Every body wants to know upon what principle the funds they support are expended; every body wants, now-a-days, to make money go as far as it will. California is not in the British empire, or one might not be so scrupulous about the matter. It is not by picking up gold from rocks or “placers,” but by working in factories, amid the buzz and din and whirl of machinery, that most of us earn our hard pittance, or by the more brutalizing labour of miners in the dark, cold caverns of the earth. We give freely and cheerfully as far as we are able, and we want in return to know where and how it is expended, and to have men like ourselves mixed up in the consultations and conferences, that they may represent our views and interests, and disclose our feelings and wishes. And is there anything wrong in this? Are these demands beyond prudence? Are they beyond our rights and liberties as men, as Britons, as Christians? If so, we will forego the request and sit down for ever in silence. We have said that representation is the want of the times, and this we mean to prove; and first, *it arises from the great and increasing bulk and numbers of and in the Connexion.* In England alone, according to the returns, there are 342,274 members in society: and this vast mass of mankind is unrepresented in the Wesleyan Conference. True, there are connected with us the ministry, who watch over our souls; but these ministers do not represent us. The people have virtually no voice, no influence, no suffrages. Nearly 350,000 individuals, all endeavouring to

support the Connexion, and rendering it every help within their power, by supporting it with their moneys, their time, their talents, and prayers, and yet they have not the power of uttering one word, *pro* or *con*, in reference to any measure introduced for its weal or woe, its present or future well-being. Theirs is merely a passive submission, operative, but yet not in this respect co-operative. Identified they are, but not in regard to its administration—only in furnishing the funds to facilitate its progress, or lengthen out its aggressions upon a world of sinners. If identified with the interests of the one, why not of the other? If the grand procuring cause for the free and unshackled spread of its saving truths, discipline, and doctrine, why not be permitted to be identified with its constitutional enactments and confederal discussions?

THE EXPULSION.—Now, let our readers compare the paltry offences of these three ministers with the penalty inflicted upon them, and then say whether any thing more outrageous to every kindly and generous feeling has been perpetrated since the days of State persecutions for conscience sake? Is there any show of justice, not to say mercy, in depriving men, on such vapoury charges, of their homes and livings?

Now, we ask whether the present rulers in Wesleyan Methodism are to be justified, or even tolerated in these acts? The author or authors of the “Fly-Sheets” ought not, we admit, to have made the onset anonymously (it is probable they feared what has befallen them); but still we ask, “Are men to be expelled for calling in question the consistency, the wisdom, the conduct of those who are placed in stations of responsibility and power? Are ministers, some of them of long standing, and great talents, and blameless character, to be cut off and cast forth because they cannot submit to an arbitrary, unreasonable, and un-English testing process? Are such men, and such ministers, for reporting Conference proceedings, to be visited with the highest punishment that assembly possesses.

Wesleyan Methodists, you want a just economy in the management of your various funds; you want less of a worldly aggrandizing spirit to pervade your executive; you want men of liberal and enlarged sentiments to be tolerated—nay, you want them to bear sway in the Connexion; you want to know what transpires within the Conference; you want admission by delegates therein; you want a policy to be adopted which shall aid and help all philanthropic and progressive movements in the land. We do not urge division nor separation. Our word of counsel to all men of these views and feelings is—sign one vast declaration of your principles and demands; come together in one great and powerful aggregate gathering; tell the Conference and the world your sympathies, your wishes, and your will, and you will ultimately triumph.

LOCATION.—This refers to the stationing of a favoured class of ministers in London. Formerly, no preacher was allowed to be stationed there more than three years at one time, nor return to it till after the lapse of eight years. The “Fly-Sheets” prove that a number of officials, committee-men, &c., of the ruling party in the Conference, have become located in London, three of them for a quarter of a century, or upwards, though itinerancy is the distinguishing feature of Methodism. Such a system is the very opposite of the Apostolical plan of spreading Christianity through the world; and it is also the very reverse of that course adopted and recommended by

the excellent Wesley. He dreaded Location, and said, "The world is my parish."

"I beg," says this apostolic man, "my brethren, for the love of God; for the love of me, your old and well nigh worn-out servant; for the love of ancient Methodism, which, if itinerancy is interrupted, will speedily come to nothing; for the love of mercy, justice, and truth, all of which will be grievously violated by any allowed inroads on this system; I beg that you will exert yourselves to the utmost to preserve our itinerant system unimpaired. It is a shame for any Methodist preacher to confine himself to one place."

Location is unjust; it deprives various parts of the Connexion of eminent ministerial talent, designed for the perfecting of the saints;—and it is unjust to those also who have sustained all the inconveniences of itinerancy. It naturally creates dissatisfaction with itinerancy.

"How would men like a poor circuit, a circuit in Dorsetshire or in Cumberland, after the sweets of metropolitan centralization? It is an injury! an invasion of right! to mention it after long enjoyment of office has almost legalised it in their esteem! Imitate the located, and itinerancy is at an end! Imbibe their spirit, and self-indulgence is the order of the day! And these are itinerants! These the admirers and eulogists of Wesley! These the great pillars of Methodism! Why, if their example prevailed, and had we but funds on which we could depend, independently of the people, a race of Methodist preachers would arise, whose like would not be found in the Wesleys, Whitfields, Nelsons, and Pawsons of a golden age, but in lazy, fattening rectors, and obese dignitaries of an established church."—Fly Sheets Vindicated.

Location is the source of intrigue and selfishness: the located employing the influence which their long residence affords them to locate such men in the London circuits as will support all their schemes. Location lies at the root of centralization, furnishing time and opportunity for men to co-operate in working for themselves and one another, to the injury of others. Hence worldly wisdom is very apparent in the whole arrangement. The following Locations of some of the powers that be will surprise many. Mr. T. Jackson has been located in London 28 years; Mr. Mason, 26; Dr. Bunting, 25; Mr. Hoole, 20; Mr. Beecham, 18; Dr. Alder, 16; Mr. Cubit, 16; Mr. Scott, 13.

CENTRALIZATION.—This implies not merely the location of individuals, but their combination for specific objects, and the representation of those objects as a plea for binding them to the place. All the connexional committees meet in London. Therefore all the influence of the Missionary society, the book-room, the theological institution, the committee of privileges, the special committees, the education committee, &c., &c., as well as the office of President,—all is centralized in the hands of official men, and of the preachers stationed in the London circuits, "constituting a Conference within a Conference." In many instances, individuals are upon from ten to twelve different committees. Now this system is productive of much evil. It leads to *Tyranny*. The party domineer and ride over the heads of others. In the course of erecting the Centenary Hall, there were four or five committees sitting at the same time; yet one committee was ignorant of another committee's proceedings; none knew but the centralizing Doctor himself,* who managed to put himself in the way

* "As a proof of his exasperated feelings, he opposed the decision of no less than three committees, (at the Conference of 1846.)—Committees had comprehended one of the secrets of his strength, and to oppose the decision of the committee was an insult to the Conference that had appointed it! Whence this change? Did he feel the ground gliding from under his feet? What is singular, in the course of the sittings of Conference, when Mr. Fowler called the attention of the house to the London Committees acting upon laws of their own enacting before they received

of all, and to pull the strings of each to his heart's content. Centralization leads to *pride*. Look at the *Centenary Hall*, a temple it is to be feared, erected to mammon. Behold the mahogany, the mirrors, the carpets, the curtains, and all its immense costly decorations. Behold "its *livery servants*, ushering gentlemen into the august presence of the sovereign, or bidding them to wait till royalty is disposed to give an audience. Look at the *Wesleyan Soirees*, the cab and carriage driving in the metropolis, the head inns and first-class carriages in the country. Again, it induces *partiality and extravagance*. The Secretaries of the Mission do not cost the fund less than £500 per annum, each; while Mr. Jackson from Manchester has £250 per annum. Contrast him with nine children, and Dr. Alder with none, and then judge whether the Fly Sheet writers are too severe when they say—We lie pretty soft when we have it in our power to feather our own nests. See this partiality visible in the selection of men for London, for committees, &c. Even the meek Joseph Entwistle could say, "Oh we must not have Doctor Beaumont in London; he wont do for us." The question was not whether he would do for the people, the circuit, the work of God; but for *us*—the located centralized clique. This clique are accustomed not only to help each other from one London circuit to another, and to the best circuits in the Connexion, but from one committee to another, while men of standing, eminence, piety, usefulness, and intellect, are excluded. Alas! they are not of Doctor Bunting's party. Hence, according to the "Fly-Sheets," in the years 1839 and 1840, Dr. Bunting was on 12 Connexional Committees, J. Scott on 10, E. Grindrod on 11, T. Jackson on 10, J. Hannah on 9, J. Keeling on 8, R. Alder on 7, &c., &c. The arrangements of later periods correspond with this view. Centralization also leads to the *misappropriation of the public funds*. Four Missionary Secretaries costing in 13 years £26,000. Then it leads to useless *parade*.* Thus, £40,000 were extracted from the Centenary Fund for a couple of Spirit cellars, a large room, and two rooms for each Secretary!

the sanction of the Conference, Doctor Bunting instantly arose, and told them that the recommendation of such committees, in which there were so many *respectable laymen*, should not be slightly passed over or rejected; observing—"You are the Conference, but not the Connexion: and you must not ride rough-shod over it." Here the lay-lords, who had bought him at Birmingham with £2000, were hung as a rod, *in terrorem*, over the Head of Conference.—We have not yet done with the Birmingham boon: it will be felt in succeeding years. How admirably he can blow hot and cold!—cold on committees of which he is not the head; and hot on those of which himself and his lay-patrons and benefactors are the principals. The brethren will bear in mind, this new definition of a 'connexion.' The rich men in committee were the persons referred to; and they, of course, are the connexion! What would John Wesley think of this? The connexion is governed—by London; London, by Doctor Bunting; and Doctor Bunting by the lay-lords!"—Fly Sheets, No. 3, p p 12, 13.

* "When the 'John Wesley,' respecting whose launch, fitting out, and sailing, we had such flaming accounts in *The Watchman*, was at Southampton, the Missionary Secretaries went down at the expense of the committee, to add dignity to the occasion, and to give an air of religious solemnity, by their christian presence, to the whole affair. The good people expected that a sermon would be preached, or some religious service held for the benefit of the society. Nothing of the kind! The worthy secretaries enjoyed two or three delightful holidays at one of the *principal inns*, instead of mingling with the *society* and holding *religious services*. Why did *The Watchman* keep this back?—Would the man whose name the vessel bore have acted thus? One gentleman was so disgusted with the whole, that he withheld £100, his wife another, and his daughter £50, which was purposed to be given in consequence."—Fly Sheets, No. 4. p. 14.

No less a sum than £2,406 13s. 7d. was taken from the contributions of the people to support the *Watchman*. Would the liberals of the Wesleyan body, if they had known it, and been allowed a voice on the occasion, have given their vote to support a tory paper? a paper raised to support the interests of a Church and State party?

THE MISSION HOUSE EXPENDITURE.—From 1834 to 1843, the Repairs, Furniture, Coals, Candles, Rates, Taxes, &c., of the *Mission House*, were mixed up with the *Houses of the Secretaries*. But this is of little importance: for when the covering was taken off, the expenses absolutely accumulated on the part of the Secretaries—The Mission House and the houses of the Secretaries cost, in 1836, £769. 17s. 4d.; in 1837, £782. 16s. 8d.; in 1841, £606 17s. 10d.; in 1842, which was the year before they were separated, £645. 5s. 3d.; whereas, the cost in the same items, for the Secretaries' Houses alone, amounted in 1843, the year after the separation, to £929. 13s. 6d.; in 1844, to £820 19s. 9d.; in 1845, to £864. 18s. 5d. The less, therefore, this part of the expenditure is explored the better. The items for repairs and furniture seem most lavish, and incredible, unless the houses of the Secretaries are little palaces. The article of furniture alone is sufficient to furnish the houses of a whole village.* Then there are their travelling expenses, which will be heavy, as one (if not more), travels in the first-class carriages, and frequently stops at the first inns, to the great pain of our best friends, who question the moral feeling of one who prefers the mixed company of an Hotel to the religious quiet of a Wesleyan family.—It appears then that each Secretary has cost the Missionary fund, on an average, for the last thirteen years, a sum of £373. 7s. per annum. A handsome sum for a man and his wife—upwards of ONE GUINEA per day!!! Add the other items, with the exception of travelling expenses and the advantage of a lodging house for Missionaries—all of which enhance the value of the office—and it will be found, that these four men have cost the fund, not less than £500 per man, or TWO THOUSAND per annum!

A Correspondent of the *Wesleyan* says, "In looking over the items of expense connected with the Mission-House establishment, Centenary Hall, to which I have had my attention directed, I am astonished at the sums paid to support that establishment; and as a subscriber, with not a few others who have spoken on this subject, I am of opinion, that the time is come when the whole of that expenditure should be brought by the committee under a careful revision, with a view to necessary retrenchments. On the last page of the report for 1848, I find the following items of expenditure:—

	£.	s.	d.
For printing reports, missionary notices, quarterly papers, collectors' and secretaries' books, missionary papers, boxes, &c., in two items	7082	2	7
Salaries for four Secretaries	723	1	1

* "It is generally rumoured that a costly article of furniture has recently been introduced into one of these houses—Library shelves, at an expense of seventy pounds hard cash! Who pays for this extravagance? The subscribers to the fund! At the very time, too, when an appeal—"urgent and important,"—is circulated through the country urging more supplies! Is all shame fled? Will the force of effrontery go to the very extreme of daring? Missionaries put on the lowest scale of diet and living; subscribers urged to renewed liberality; treasurers and committees stimulated to greater efforts in an emergency of a very threatening nature; and *seventy pounds* spent in library shelves for one of the Secretaries! It is intolerable."

Salaries of accountants, clerks, and assistants in the office ..	831	4	1
Salary and expenses of travelling agent	377	14	1
Coals, candles, taxes, rates, insurance, &c., for the houses of the four secretaries, and the rent of the secretaries' houses	528	13	7
Taxes, rates, insurance, &c., for the Centenary Hall	335	4	8
Stationery and account books	107	13	0
Travelling and other expenses of missionary candidates ..	12	9	10
Carriage, portage, shipping, and miscellaneous travelling expenses, &c.	355	12	6
Repairs of secretaries' houses, and additional furniture	104	19	0
	£10,458	13	5

If I am right in my calculations, this is a tremendous sum. Is it possible, that such an expenditure is absolutely necessary to carry on effectually the foreign work? It becomes the committee this very next Conference to ask—can the expenditure at home be reduced? Can the establishment be efficiently worked by fewer secretaries, and clerks, and agents of one class and another? And whether the time is not yet come when there ought to be some change, at least, in the officers of that establishment? They may be said to be men of talent, but are they men of business? Might not the work be accomplished with fewer hands, and as efficiently? Many, very many, believe it might; nor, in my opinion, will the Connexion be satisfied till the whole matter of expenditure be thoroughly sifted.

THE STATIONING COMMITTEE has been denominated "*The Slaughter House of Ministerial Character.*" By this committee, each minister's character and conduct are sifted in his absence, and he is stationed according as they may think him worthy of a good or a bad circuit. "This committee being bound to secrecy, men are living on in the body, without a knowledge of the cause or occasion of their treatment." Whoever, by his liberal views, or dissent from Conferential arrangements, offends the Pope and his cardinals, subsequent years of degradation are sure to be allotted to him in an inferior land's end circuit. This was the case with Dr. Adam Clarke, who was sent to the Shetland Isles, with Dr. Beaumont, who was sent to Ireland, &c., &c., &c., all by way of punishment, or penance. This crushing system is in operation every Conference.

THE NOMINATION COMMITTEE is a mere instrument in the hands (of the clique) for carrying their principles out in every department of Methodism. By its means, 'the Station Master' has his men every where: so that where he cannot himself be, and see with his own eyes, he can exert his own influence, and carry on his own plans.—He thus is every where; and appears a compound never contemplated even in fable, uniting in one, the ideal character of a Briareus with 50 heads and 100 arms, and of an Argus with 100 eyes, only two of which were closed at once; by this monster union forming the *beau ideal* of a detective force in a police establishment—We have given a name to the Stationing Committee which will live. We venture to honour the *Nomination Committee* in the same way, as—THE ROTTEN BOROUGH of Methodism, in which the *nominees* of a lordly clique are to be found,—appointing other Committees agreeable to the mind and will of the Dictator; the whole of which rule the Conferential Parliament.

